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THE ARRAIGNMENT
OF PARIS

1584

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1910

This reprint of the *Arraignment of Paris* has been prepared by Harold H. Child and checked by the General Editor.

July 1910.

W. W. Greg.

No entry of the *Arraignment of Paris* has yet been found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, nor is any record of the play known previous to the issue of the quarto by Henry Marsh in 1584. From the title-page of this we learn that it had been performed before the Queen by the Children of the Chapel, who had in fact acted at court on 6 January and 2 February 1583/4, as recorded in the Pipe Rolls.

As to the authorship we are fortunate in possessing quite first-rate testimony. Thomas Nashe, in his address 'To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities' prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, in the course of commending various English poets mentions Mathew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, and George Peele, adding (1589, sig. A2^v): '& for the last, thogh not the least of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance nowe liuing, the *Atlas* of Poetrie, & *primus verborum Artifex*: whose first encrease, the *Arraignement of Paris*, might plead to your opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention; wherein (*me iudice*) hee goeth a step beyond all that write.' This evidence is, moreover, supported by that of *England's Helicon*. In that collection ll. 584-99 of our play appear with the heading 'Colin the enamoured Sheepheard, singeth this passion of loue' and the signature 'Geo. Peele' (1600, sig. 2B4; ed. Bullen, p. 251), while immediately following, and above the same signature, are found ll. 666-77 with the heading 'Oenones complaint in blanke verse'. The *Helicon* versions present the following variants: l. 598 'to ease', l. 666 'Melpomene', l. 670 'This', l. 674 'fortunes', l. 675 'And then'.

The quarto is printed in roman type of a body approximately equal to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). The press-work is not good, with the result that doubtful letters rather frequently occur. One copy is preserved in the British Museum, another among Capell's books at Trinity College, Cambridge. The latter has an uncorrected outer forme in sheet A, and an uncorrected inner forme in E, while the former has an uncorrected inner (and possibly also outer) forme in B. The variants will be found in the list. These two copies have been collated throughout.

The division of scenes in the quarto is by no means consistent, nor are they always correctly marked. The arrangement of acts and scenes adopted in the edition of Peele's works by A. H. Bullen has therefore been added in the margin.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

10 racet	178 c.w. <i>The</i> (179 <i>An</i>)
15 T'appeaz e (?)	182 <i>Ida</i> (o <i>Ida</i> T.C.C.)
24 <i>Atrops</i>	187 bring.
31 (<i>no catchword</i>)	191 The (Then?)
61 had the (<i>the t doubtful in B.M.; had the T.C.C.</i>)	rouude . . . must must
69 felse (selfe)	206 thee (the)
96 That (that T.C.C.)	246 haue, (haue power)
102 (om. sig. T.C.C.)	251 pleafunt
107 <i>Iono</i>	265 denied.
110 spring. (<i>period doubtful</i>)	278 <i>Phorcias</i> (<i>Phorcus or Phorcys</i>)
118 Oxfstips (Oxflips)	279 Thattangled
129 blue.	282 cunnig
140 c.w. A dain- (141 <i>Sil.</i> A deintie)	307 With
161 Hitherward	313 Oenone. (<i>superfluous</i>)
162 Siluan	317 for (<i>fore</i> B.M.)
163 marche, (<i>comma doubtful</i>)	348nympe
171 assamble, (<i>the i doubtful</i>)	360 Alouely
	391 c.w. <i>They</i> (392 <i>The</i>)

392 *Pulcherrimæ.* (*Pulberrimæ.*
 B.M.) ~
 397 giuen (giue B.M.)
 402 w yfe (?)
 407 bautye,
 429 c.w. and (And)
 430 hate (i. e. ha't)
 439 me not at (me at)
 466 this (thie B.M.)
 471 They (Thou)
 474 prize. (*the r doubtful*)
 492 sett
 500 vvorthines, (*apparently a*
 period in B.M.)
 505 pallas
 518 hate (i. e. ha't)
 536 *shee*
 541 daconferto (?)
 547 *Cble*
 553 wrape
 563 bee.
 565 whose
 566 *guieth . . . venus.*
 573 *paris*
 575 wherein
 578 well . . . leyse
 580 *Act.* (581 *ACT.*)
 607 sheepeheed
 609 cheerishethher
 (cheerisheth their ?)
 628 beguide
 630 *popular*
 644 wrap
 651 she hath (*a wide space be-*
 tween)
 666 *Melpomie,*
 683 awarie.
 687 why
 or (O?)
 688 does (*the e doubtful*)
 695 *Mer.* (*superfluous*)
 703 whon
 708 ypeircest
 710 *plaine,*
 722 were (nere ?)
 monte (wonte)

727 *V (IV)*
 732 verse.
 737 *Manent.*
 762 cupids
 768 ofloue
 769 right : (right.)
 770 vwell (*Ven.* Well)
 774 *Theftis*
 780 died. (*died,*)
 died. (period doubtful)
 787 *be*
 788 *Theftis,*
 789 his (hers ?)
 791 effects (*affects ?*)
 792 onge. (*Songe.*)
 798 *Shep* (*Shep.*)
 800 *creull*
 810 (*belongs after l. 813 ?*)
 814 Louely
 818 *VI. (V.)*
 821 c.w. yf (Yf)
 823 sweete (*the t doubtful*)
 848 vulcan
 851 *Ioue,* (comma doubtful)
 857 *P r* (*Par.*)
 859 *Explicit.* (*Explicit the t*
 doubtful)
 c.w. *Vulcan* (*ACT.*)
 862 be (*the e damaged*)
 873 apples (apes)
 880 fayes, a,
 884 Ifayth (?)
 886 roundy laies,
 912 vnder
 915 *Inno,*
 927 c.w. Him- (928 *Him selfe,*)
 935 *Iou.* (i. e. *Ioue* for *Iup.*)
 975 voyde
 maintaine. (*second i*
 doubtful)
 994 My thought
 1010 repent (*second e doubtful*)
 1019 pardoned,
 1042 *speakeeh.*
 1057 you
 1062 defence.

1077 c.w. Go (1078 Goe)	1173 cunning
1088 indgment:	1179 explicit.
1106 throughtly (second t doubtful, possibly r: • read throughly) •	1184 afwell
1111 wish. (?)	1188 of (or)
1115 c.w. <i>Venus</i> (<i>Iup. Venus</i>)	1190 (<i>no catchword</i>)
1116 toe. (i. e. too)	1193 prize.
1117 <i>Vulc</i>	1205 abide. (<i>the i doubtful</i>)
1121 <i>Mar</i>	1244 honour
1127 to to	1248 mine.
1132 <i>Ioue.</i>	1289 <i>Phæbus (Phæbes)</i>
1141 sacred powre (sacredpowre T.C.C.)	1301 weaue
1145 holly	1303 c.w. <i>The</i> (<i>The</i>)
	1306 followeth:
	1332 <i>Elizaas</i>
	1336 <i>Atrops</i>

On D 3^v the headline is misprinted 'The Arayngment', on C 3 the period is omitted, on D 3 and E 3 'of' appears as 'Of'. The anomalous use of 'v' medially is not uncommon. Where a long line is divided between two or more speakers, the later portions often begin with lower-case letters. No attempt has been made to correct the doubtful Latin of certain stage directions. Further textual conjectures will be found in Bullen's edition of Peele.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

(in order of entrance)

ATE.	DIGON.
PAN.	THENOT.
FAUNUS.	MERCURY.
SILVANUS.	THESTYLIS.
POMONA.	VULCAN.
FLORA.	a Nymph of Diana.
the Muses.	BACCHUS.
PALLAS.	PLUTO.
JUNO.	JUPITER.
VENUS.	APOLLO.
RHANIS.	SATURN.
PARIS.	MARS.
OENONE.	DIANA.
HELEN.	CLOTHO.
COLIN.	LACHESIS.
HOBINOL.	ATROPOS.

Knights, Cupids, Cyclops, Nymphs, a Churl.

The Araygnement of Paris
A PASTORALL.

Presented before the Queenes
Maiestie, by the Children
of her Chappell.



Imprinted at London by
Henrie Marsh.

ANNO. 1584.

THE ARAIGNEMENT OF PARIS.

Ate Prologus.



Ondemned soule Ate, from lowest hell,
And deadlie riuers of the infernall loue,
Where bloudles ghostes in paines of endles date
Fill ruthles eares with neuer ceasing cries,
Beholde I come in place, and bring beside
The bane of *Troie*: beholde the fatall frute
Raught from the golden tree of *Proserpine*.
Proude *Troy* must fall, to bidde the gods aboue,
And statelie *Iliums* loftie towers be racet
By conquering handes of the victoriuous foe:
King *Priams* pallace waste with flaming fire,
Whose thicke and foggie smoake peircing the skie,
Must serue for messunger of sacrifice
To appeaze the anger of the angrie heauens.
And *Priams* younger sonne, the sheepeherde swaine,
Paris th'unhappie organ of the *Greekes*.
So loath and weerie of her heauis loade
The *Earth* complaynes vnto the hellish prince,
Surcharged with the burden that she nili sustaine.
Th'unpartiall daughters of Necesitie
Bin aydes in her fute: and so the twine
That holdes olde *Priams* house, the threede of *Troie*
Dame *Airops* with knife in sunder cuttes.
Dene be the pleasure of the powers aboue,
Whose heftes men must obey: and I my parte
Performe in *Ida vales*: Lordinges adieu,
Imposing silence for your taske, I ende,
Till iust assembly of the goddesses
Make me beginne the Tragedie of *Troie*.

Exit *Ate cum auro panno*.

The Araygnement

ACT. I. SCENA I.

Pan, Faunus, and Siluanus with their attendants enter to give welcome to the goddesses. Pan, sheepeherd hath a lambe, Faunus bunter hath a faine, Siluanus woodman with an oken bowe laden with acornes.

Pan incipit.

Pan.



ILVANVS, either *Flora* doth vs wronge,
Or *Faunus* made vs tarry all to longe,
Or by this morning mirth it shoulde appeere,
The *Muses* or the goddesses be neere.

Faun.

My taune was nimble, *Pan*, and whipt apace,
Twashappie that we caught him vp at laist,

The fattest fairest fawne in all the chace,
I wender how the knave could skip so fast.

Pan.

And I haue brought a twagger for the nonce,
A bunting lambe : nay, pray you feele no bones.
Beleeue me now, my cunning much I misse,
It euer *Pan* felte fatter lambe then this.

Sil.

Sirs, you may boast your flockes & herdes that bⁿ both fresh & faire,
Yet hath *Siluanus* walkes ywis that stand in holsome ayre:
And loe the honor of the woodes, the gallant Oken-bowe,
Dol bestowe laden with Acornes & with mast enough. (herdes & al,

Pan.

Peace man for shame, shalt haue both lambes & dames & flockes and
And all my pipes to make the glee, we meete not now to brawle.

Faun.

There's no such matter, *Pan*, we are all friendes assembled hether,
To bid Queene *Luna* and her pheeres most humblie welcome hether.
Diana misfesse of our woodes, her presence will not want,
Her curtesie to all her friendes we wot is nothing skant.

ACT. I. SCENA II.

Pomona entereth with her fruite. *Maneribus Pan cum reliquis.*

Pom.

Yee *Pan*, no farther yet, & had the starte of me,
Why then *Pomona* with her fruite comes time enough I see:
Come on a while, with countrie store like friendes we venter forth,
Thinkest Faunus that these goddesse will take our gifte in woorth.

Faun.

Yea doubtles, for shall tell thee dame, twere better gue a thing,
A signe of loue, vnto a mightie perlon, or a king;

Then

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Imposing silence for your taske, I ende,
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20

30

Exit Ate cum aureo pomo.

Aij.

The Araygnement

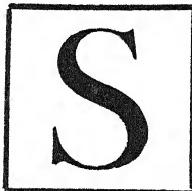
ACT. I. SCENA I.

Act I
sc. i

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Or Faunus made vs tarrie all to longe,
For by this morning mirth it shoulde appeere,
The Muses or the goddeses be neere.

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Faun.

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Twas happie that we caught him vp at last,
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I wonder how the knaue could ſkip ſo fast.

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Beleeue me now, my cunning much I miſſe,
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Sirs, you may boast your flockes & herdes that bin both fresh & faire,
Yet hath Siluanus walkes ywis that ſtand in holsome ayre:

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ACT. I. SCENA II.

Pomona entereth with her fruite. Manentibus Pan cum reliquis. 60

Pom. Yee Pan, no farther yet, & had the ſtarte of me,
Why then Pomona with her fruite comes time enough I ſee:
Come on a while, with countrie ſtore like friendes we venter forth,
Thinkeſt Faunus that theſe goddeses will take our giftes in woorth.

Faun. Yea doubtles, for ſhall tell thee dame, twere better giue a thing,
A ſigne of loue, vnto a mightie person, or a king:

Then

of Paris.

Then to a rude and barbarous fwayne but bad and baselie borne,
For gentlie takes the gentleman that oft the clowne will scorne.

- Pan. Saift trulie *Faunus*, I my selfe haue giuen good tidie lambes,
To *Mercurie* may saie to thee, to *Phæbus* and to *Ioue*: 70
When to a countrie mops forsooth, chaue offred all their dames,
And pypt and prayed for little worth and raunged about the groue.
Pom. God *Pan* that makes your flocke so thin, & makes you looke so leane,
To kiffe in corners. *Pan*. wel-sed wēch some other thing you meane.
Pom. Yea iest it out till it goe alone, but maruell where we mysse
Faire *Flora* all this merrie morne. *Faun*. some newes, see where she is.

ACT. I. SCENA. III.

Flora entereth to the countrie gods.

- Pan. *Flora* well met, and for thy taken payne,
Poore countrie gods thy debtors we remaine. 80
Flor. Beleeue me, *Pan*, not all thy lambes and yoes,
Nor, *Faunus*, all thy lustie buckes and does,
(But that I am instructed well to knowe,
What seruice to the hills and dales I owe,)
Could haue enforcet me to so straunge a toyle,
Thus to enrich this gaudie gallant foyle.
Faun. But tell me wench halft don't so trick in deede,
That heauen it selfe may wonder at the deede.
Flor. Not *Iris* in her pride and brauerie,
Adornes her arche with such varietie: 90
Nor doth the milke white way in frostie night,
Appeare so faire and beautifull in fight:
As done these fieldes, and groues, and sweetest bowres,
Bestrewed and deckt with partie collord flowers.
Alonge the bubling brookes & siluer glyde,
That at the bottome doth in sylence flyde,
The waterie flowers and lillies on the bankes,
Like blazing cometes burgen all in rankes:
Vnder the *Hathorne* and the *Poplar* tree,
Where sacred *Phæbe* may delight to be: 100
The *Primeroſe* and the purple *Hyacinthe*,
The dayntie *Violet* and the holſome *Minthe*:

The Araygnement

The dooble *Daisie*, and the *Coulyp* queene
Of sommer floures, do ouer peere the greene:
And rounde about the valley as ye passe,
Yee may ne see for peeping flowers the grasse:
That well the mightie *Juno* and the rest,
May boldlie thinke to be a welcome guest
On *Ida* hills, when to approue the thing,
The queene of flowers prepares a second spring.

110

Sil. Thou gentle Nymph, what thankes shall we repaire
To thee, that makest our fieldes and woodes so gaie?

Flo. *Siluanus*, when it is thy hap to see,
My workmanship, in portraying all the three,
First stately *Juno* with her porte and grace,
Her roobes, her lawnes, her crounet and her mace:
Would make thee muse this picture to beholde,
Of yellow Oxfips bright as burnisht golde.

Pom. A rare deuice, and *Flora*, well perdie,
Did painte her yellow for her iellozie.

120

Flo. *Pallas* in flowers of hue and collowers red,
Her plumes, her helme, her launce, her *Gorgons* head,
Her trayling tresses that hang flaring rounde,
Of *Julie-flowers* so graffed in the grounde,
That trust me Sirs, who did the cunning see,
Would at a blush suppose it to be shee.

Pan. Good *Flora*, by my flocke twere verie good,
To dight her all in red resembling blood.

Flo. Faire *Venus* of sweete Violetts in blue.

130

With other flowers infixt for chaunge of hue,
Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets and her ringes,
Her dayntie fan and twentie other thinges:
Her lustie mantle waing in the winde,
And euerie part in collor and in kinde:
And for her wreath of roses she nil dare,
With *Floras* cunning counterfeit compare.

So that what lyuing whight shall chaunce to see,
These goddesfles, eche placed in her degree,
Portrayed by *Floraes* workemanshipe alone,
Must say that Arte and nature met in one.

140

A dain-

of Paris.

Sil. A dente draught to lay her downe in blue,
The colour commonlie betokening true.

Flo. This peece of worke compact with many a flowre,
And well layde in at entraunce of the bowre,
Where *Phæbe* meanes to make this meeting royall,
Haue I prepared to welcome them withall.

Pom. And are they yet dismounted, *Flora*, saie:
That we may wende to meete them one the way.

150

Flo. That shall not neede: they are at hand by this,
And the conductor of the trayne hight *Rhanis*.

Iuno hath left her chariot longe agoe,
And hath returned her Peacocks by her rainebowe.

And brauelie as becommes the wife of *Toue*,
Doth honour by her presence to our groue.

Faire *Venus* shee hath let her sparrowes flie,
To tende on her and make her melodie:

Her turtles and her swannes vnyoked bee,
And flicker neere her fide for companie.

Pallas hath set her Tygers loose to feede,
Commaunding them to waite when shee hath neede.

160

And Hitherward with proude and statelie pace,
To doe vs honor in the Siluan chace

They marche, like to the pompe of heauen aboue,
Iuno the wife and sister of king *Toue*,

The warlicke *Pallas*, and the Queene of loue.

Pan. Pipe *Pan* for ioy and let thy sheepeherdes sing,
Shall neuer age forget this memorable thing,

Flo. *Clio* the sageft of the sisters nine,
To do obseruance to this dame deuine,
Ladie of learning and of chyualtrie,
Is here aryued in faire assamble,
And wandring vp and downe th'unbeaten wayes,
Ringe through the wood sweete songes of *Pallas* prayse.

170

Pom. Harke *Flora*, *Faunus*, here is melodie,
A charme of birdes and more then ordinarie.

An artificiall charme of birdes being harde within, *Pan* speakes.

Pan. The fillie birdes make mirth, then shoulde we doe them wronge,
Pomona, if we nil bestowe an *Eccbo* to their songe.

The Araygnement

An Echo to their song.

The songe. A quier within and without.

180

Gods. O *Ida*, o *Ida*, o *Ida* happie hill,
This honour done to *Ida* may it continue still.

Mus. Yee countrie gods, that in this *Ida* wonne,
Bring downe your giftes of welcome:
For honor done to *Ida*.

Gods. Beholde in signe of ioye we sing,
And signes of ioyfull wel-come bring.
For honor done to *Ida*.

Mus. The *Muses* give you melodie to gratulate this chaunce,
And Phœbe cheife of filuan chace commaundes you all to daunce. 190

Gods The rouude in a circle our sportance must must be,
daunce. Holde handes in a horneypipe all gallant in glee.

Mus. Reuerence, reuerence, most humble reuerence.

Gods. Most humble reuerence.

ACT. I. SCE N A. IIII.

Pallas, Iuno, and Venus enter, Rhanis leading the way, Pan alone sings.

The songe.

The God of sheepeheardes and his mates,
With countrie chere salutes your states:
Faire, wise, and worthie as you bee,
And thanke the gracious Ladies three,
*For honour done to *Ida*. The birdes finge.*

200

The songe being done, Iuno speakes.

Iuno. Venus, what shall I saie, for though I be a dame deuine,
This welcome and this melodie exceeds these wittes of mine.

Ven. Beleeue me, *Iuno*, as I hight thee soueraigne of Loue,
These rare delights in pleasures paffe the banquets of king *Ioue*.

Pall. Then, *Venus*, I conclude, it easelie may be seene,
That in her chaste and pleasaunt walkes fayre *Phœbe* is a Queene.

Rha. Diuine *Pallas*, and you sacred dames, 210
Iuno and *Venus*, honoured by your names:
Iuno, the wife and sister of kinge *Ioue*,
Faire *Venus*, Ladie president of loue:

If

of Paris.

If any entertynement in this place,
That can afford but homely, rude and base,
It please your godheads to accept in gree,
That gratiouse thought our happinesse shalbe.
My mistresse *Dian*, this right well I know,
For loue that to this presence shee doth owe,
Accountes more honoure done to her this day,

220

Then euer whilom in these woods of *Ida*.
And for our countrey gods, I dare bee bolde,
They make such cheere, your presence to beholde,
Such iouysaunce, such myrth and merryment,
As nothing els their minde might more content :
And that you doe beleue it to bee so,
Fayre goddeses, your louely lookes doe shewe.
It rests in fine, for to confirme my talke,
Yee dayne to passe alonge to *Dians walke*:
Where shee amonge her troupe of maydes attends
The fayre aryall of her vwelcome friends.

230

Flora. And vvee vvill vwayte vwith all obseruance due,
And doe iust honour to this heauenly crue.

Pan. The god of sheepheardes, *Juno*, ere thou goe,
Intends a lambe on thee for to bestovve.

Faun. *Faunus*, high raunger in *Dianas chace*,
Prefents a favyne to lady *Venus* grace.

Sylu. *Syluanus* giues to *Pallas* deitye,
This gallant bovve raught from the Oken tree.

240

Pom. To them that doth this honour to our fieldes,
Her mellowvve apples poore *Pomona* yeildes.

Juno. And gentle gods, these signes of your goodvwill
Wee take in vvorth, and shall accept them still.

Ven. And *Flora*, this to thee amonge the rest,
Thy vworkmanship comparinge vwith the best,
Let it suffize thy cunninge to haue,
To call kinge *Ioue* from forth his heauenly bovre:
Hadst thou a louer, *Flora*, credit mee,
I thinke thou vvouldst beedecke him gallantly.
But vvende vve on, and, *Rhanis*, leade the vway,
That kens the paynted pathes of pleafunt *Ida*.

250

Exeunt omnes.

B.

ACT.

The Araygnement

ACT. I SCENA V. & ultima.

Paris and Oenone.

Act I
sc. ii

260

270

280

Par. Oenone, while we bin disposed to walke,
Tell me what shall be subiect of our talke:
Thou hast a forte of pretie tales in stoore,
Dare faye no Nymphe in *Ida* woods hath more:
Againe, beside thy sweete alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a speciall grace.
Then preethee sweete, afforde some pretie thing,
Some toie that from thy pleasaunt witte doth springe.

Oen. Paris, my hartes contentment, and my choice,
Vse thou thy pype, and I will vse my voyce,
So shall thy iust request not be denied.
And time well spent and both be satisfied.

Par. Well gentle Nymphe although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pype vnto a songe,
Me lift this once, Oenone, for thy sake,
This idle taske on me to vndertake.

They sit under a tree togeather.

Oen. And whereon then shall be my *Roundelay*:
For thou hast harde my stoore long since, dare say,

Fabu. How *Saturne* did deuide his kingdome tho,

la. 1. To *Ioue*, to *Neptune*, and to *Dis* below.

2 How mightie men made foule succesles warre,
Against the gods and state of *Jupiter*:

3 How *Phorcas* ympe that was so tricke and fayre,
Thattangled *Neptune* in her golden haire,
Became a *Gorgon* for her lewde misdeede,
A pretie fable *Paris* for to reade,

A peece of cunnig trust me for the nonce,
That wealth and beautie alter men to stoones.

4 Howe *Salmacis* resembling ydlenes,
Turnes men to women all through wantonnes.

5 How *Pluto* raught Queene *Ceres* daughter thence,
And what did followe of that loue offence.

Of

of Paris.

- 6 Of *Daphne* turned into the laurell tree,
That shewes a myror of virginitie.
7 How faire *Narcissus* tooting on his shade,
Reproves disdayne, and tells how forme doth vade. 290
8 How cunning *Philomelaes* needle tells,
What force in loue, what wit in sorrow dwelles.
9 What paynes vnhappye soules abyde in hell,
They say because on earth they liued not well.
10 *Ixions* wheele, proude *Tantals* pyning woe.
11 *Prometheus* torment, and a many moe.
12 How *Danaus* daughters plie their endles taske.
13 What toyle the toyle of *Syssiphus* doth aske.
All these are olde and knowne I knowe, yet if thou wilt haue anie, 300
Chuse some of these, for trust me else *Oenone* hath not manie.
Par. Nay what thou wilt: but fith my cunning not compares with thine,
Beginne some Toy, that I can play vpon this pipe of mine.
Oen. There is a pretie sonnet then, we call it *Cupids* curse: (worse.
They that do chaunge olde loue for new, pray gods they chaunge for
The note is fine and quicke withall, the dittie will agree,
Paris, With that same vowe of thine vpon our Poplar tree.
Par. No better thing, beginne it then, *Oenone* thou shalt see
Our musicke, figure of the loue that growes twixt thee and me.

They sing: and while Oenone singeth, he pypeth.

310

- Incipit Oenone. *Faire and fayre and twise so faire,*
As fayre as any may be:
Oenone. *The fayrest sheepeherd on our grene,*
A loue for anie Ladie.
- Paris.* *Faire and faire and twise so fayre,*
As fayre as anie may bee:
Thy loue is fayre for thee alone,
And for no other Ladie.

- Oenone.* *My loue is faire, my loue is gaie,*
As fresh as bine the flowers in May,
B ij

320

And

The Araygnement

	<i>And of my loue my roundylaye, My merrie merrie merrie roundelaie Concludes with Cupids curse: They that do chaunge olde loue for newe, Pray Gods they chaunge for worse.</i>
Ambo simul.	<i>They that do chaunge, &c.</i>
Oenone.	<i>Faire and faire, &c,</i>
Paris.	<i>Faire and faire, &c. Thy loue is faire &c.</i>
Oenone.	<i>My loue can pype, my loue can sing, My loue can manie a pretie thing, And of his louelie prayses ring</i>
	<i>My merry merry roundelayes: Amen to Cupids curse:</i>
Paris.	<i>They that do chaunge, &c.</i>
Ambo.	<i>They that do chaunge, &c. Faire and fayre, &c.</i>
	<i>Finis Camæna.</i>

330

340

350

The songe being ended they rise, and Oenone speakes.

Oen. Swete sheepeherd, for Oenones sake be cunning in this songe,
And kepe thy loue, and loue thy choice, or else thou doest her wrong.

Par. My vowe is made and witnesed, the *Poplar* will not starte,
Nor shall the nymph Oenones loue from forth my breathing hart. 340
I will goe bring the one thy way, my flocke are here behinde,
And I will haue a louers fee: they faie, vnkift, vnkinde.

Exeunt ambo.

ACT. II. SCENA I.

Venus, Juno, Pallas.

Act II
sc. i

Ven. ex But pray you tell me, *Juno*, was it so,
abrupto. As *Pallas* tolde me here the tale of *Eccō*.

Jun. Shee was a nympe indeede, as *Pallas* tels,
A walker, such as in these thickets dwells:
And as shee tolde what subtill iugling prankes
Shee playde with *Juno*, so she tolde her thankes:
A tatling trull to come at euerie call,
And now foresooth nor tongue nor life at all.

350

And

of Paris.

And though perhaps shee was a helpe to *Ioue*,
And held me chat, while he might court his loue:
Beleeue me, dames, I am of this opinion,
He tooke but little pleasure in the minion.
And what so ere his scapes haue bene beside,
Dare saie for him a neuer strayed so wyde:
Alouely nutbrownne lasse, or lustie trull,

360

Hast power perhaps to make a god a bull.

Ven. Gramercie gentle *Juno* for that iest,
Ifaith that item was worth all the rest.

Pal. No matter, *Venus*, how so ere you skorne,
My father *Ioue* at that time ware the horne.

Jun. Had euerie wanton god aboue, *Venus*, not better lucke,
Then heauen would be a pleasaunt parcke, & *Mars* a lustie bucke.

Ven. Tut *Mars* hath hornes to butte withall although no bull a showes,
A neuer needes to maske in nets, a feares no iellous froes.

Jun. Forsooth the better is his turne, for if a speake to loude,
Must finde some shifte to shadowe him, a net, or else a cloude.

370

Pal. No more of this, fayre godesses, vnrip not so your shames,
To stand all naked to the world, that bene such heauenly dames.

Jun. Nay, *Pallas*, that's a commone tricke with *Venus* well we knowe,
And all the Gods in heauen haue seene her naked, long agoe.

Ven. And then she was so faire and bright, and louelie and so trim,
As *Mars* is but for *Venus* tooth, and shee will sporte with him.
And but me list not here to make comparison with *Ioue*,
Mars is no raunger, *Juno*, he in euerie open groue.

Pal. To much of this: we wander farre, the skies begine to skowle,
Retire we to *Dianas* bowre, the weather will be foule.

380

*The stome being past of thunder & lightning, & Ate hauing trūdled the
ball into place, crying Fatum Troie, Juno taketh the bal vp & speaketh.*

Jun. *Pallas*, the stome is past and gon, and *Phæbus* cleares the skies,
And loe, beholde a ball of golde, a faire and worthie prize.

Ven. This posie wils, the apple to the fayrest giuen be,
Then is it mine: for *Venus* hight the fayrest of the three.

Pal. The fayrest here as fayre is ment, am I, ye do me wronge:
And if the fayrest haue it must, to me it doth belong.

Jun. Then *Juno* may it not enjoy, so euery one fayes no,
But I will proue my selfe the fayrest, er I lose it so.

390

The Araygnment

The breyfe is this, *Detur Pulcherrimæ.*

••They reade
the posie.

Let this vnto the fayrest gyven bee,

The fayrest of the three, and I am shee.

Detur Pulcherrimæ. Let this vnto the fayrest gyuen be, *Pallas*

reades.

The fayrest of the three, and I am shee.

Detur Pulcherrimæ. Let this vnto the fayrest giuen bee *Venus*

reades.

The fayrest of the thre, and I am shee.

Iun. My face is fayre, but yet the maistye

That all the gods in heauen haue seene in me,

400

Haue made them chuse me of the *Planets seauen*,

To bee the wyfe of *Ioue*, and Queene of heauen.

Yf then this prize be but bequeathed to beautye,

The only shee that wins this prize, am I.

Ven. That *Venus* is the fayrest, this dothe proue,

That *Venus* is the louely Queen of loue.

The name of *Venus* is in deede but bautye,

And men me fayrest call, per excellencye.

Yf then this prize be but bequeathed to beautye,

The only shee that wins this prize, am I.

410

Pall. To stand on tearmes of beautye as yow take it,

Beeleue me, Ladies, is but to mystake it:

The beautye that this subtil prize must vvin,

No outvvarde beautye highte, but dvvels vwithin.

And syfte it as yovv please, and yovv shall finde,

This beautye, is the beautye of the minde.

This fayrenes, Vertue highte, in generall,

That many braunches hathe in speciall:

This beautye wvyldom hight, wwhereof am I,

By heauen appointed, goddesse wvorthelye.

420

And looke howe muche the minde, the better parte,

Doth ouerpasse the bodye in deserfe:

So much the mistris of those guyfts devine,

Excells thy beautie, and that stafe of thine.

Then yf this prize bee thus bequeathed to beautye,

The only shee that vwins this prize, am I.

Ven. Nay, *Pallas*, by your leaue, yovv vander cleane,

Wee must not conster heereof as yovv meane:

But take the sence as it is plainly ment,

and

of Paris.

And let the fayrest hate, I am content.

430

Pal. Our reasons wilbe infinite, I trowe,

Vnles vnto some other point we grow.

For first heres none mee thinkes disposed to yelde,
And none but will with wordes maintaine the fielde.

Jun. Then if you will to auoyde a tedious grudge,
Refer it to the sentence of a iudge,

Who ere he be that commeth next in place,
Let him bestowe the ball, and ende the case.

Ven. So can it not go wronge with me not at al.

Pal. I am agreed how euer it befall.

440

And yet by common doome, so may it bee,
I may be fayde the fayrest of the three.

Jun. Then yonder loe that sheepeherde swaine is he,
That must be vmpier in this controuersie.

ACT. III. SCENA II.

Paris alone. Manenibus Pal. Junone, Venere.

Ven. *Iuno*, in happie time, I do accept the man,
It seemeth by his lookes, some skill of loue he can.

Par. The nymphe is gone, and I all solitarie,
Must wend to tend my charge, opprest with melancholy.
This day (or else me fayles my sheepeherdes skill)
Will tide me passing good, or passing ill.

450

Jun. Sheepeherd, abash not, though, at fudden thus,
Thou be aryued by ignorance among vs,
Not earthlie but deuine, and goddesles all three,
Iuno, Pallas, Venus, these our titles be.
Nor feare to speake, for reuerence of the place,
Chosen to ende a harde and doubtfull case.
This apple loe (nor aske thou whence it came)
Is to be giuen vnto the fayrest dame.

460

And fayrest is, nor shee, nor shee, but shee,
Whom, sheepeherd, thou shalt fayrest name to be.
This is thy charge, fulfill without offence,
And shee that winnes shall giue thee recompence.

Pal. Dreade not to speake for we haue chosen thee,
Sith in this case, we can no judges be.

Ven. And, sheepeherd, say that I the fayrest ame,
And thou shalt win good guerdon for the fame.

Jun.

The Araygnment

Iun. Nay, shepherde, looke vpon my stately grace,
Because the pompe that longs to *Junoes* mace, 470
They mayst not see: and thincke Queene *Junoes* name,
To vvhorne olde shepherds title vworkes of fame,
Is mighty, and may easily suffize,
At Phebus hande to gaine a golden prize.
And for thy meede, fythe I am Queene of riches,
Shepherde, I vwill rewarde thee vwith greate monarchies,
Empires, and kingdomes, heapes of maffye golde,
Scepters and diadems, curious to beholde,
Riche robes, of sumptuous vworkmanship and cost,
And thovvſand thinges vwhereof I make no boast 480
The moulde vwhereon thouv treadest shall be of *Tagus* fandes,
And *Xanthus* shall runne liquid golde for the to vwash thy handes:
And yf thou lyke to tend thy flock, and not from them to flie,
Their fleeces shalbe curled gold to please their masters eye.
And laſt, to sett thy harte one fire, gyue this one fruite to me,
And, shepherd, lo this Tree of Golde vwill I bestowve on thee.

I V N O E S S H O W E.

Heereuppon did rise a Tree of gold laden with Diadems & Crownes of golde.

The grovnnde vwhereon it groes, the graffe, the roote of golde,
The body and the bark of golde, all glistringe to beholde, 490
The leaues of burnyſht golde, the fruities that thereon grove
Are diadems ſett vwith pearle in golde in gorgeous glistringe ſhowve:
And yf this Tree of Golde, in lue may not suffize,
Require a grove of golden trees, fo *Juno* beare the prize.

The Tree ſinketh.

Pall. Me lyft not tempt thee vwith decayinge vvealthe,
Which is embafet by vwant of lufty healthe:
But yf thou haue a minde to fly aboue,
Ycrovvned vwith fame neere to the feate of *Joue*:
Yf thou aspire to vvyſdomes vvorhines, 500
Wherof thou mayſt not see the brightnes
Yf thou defyre honor of chyallrye,
To bee renouned for happy victorie,
To fighte it out, and in the champaine feilde,
To throvvde thee vnder pallas vwarlike ſheilde,
To praunce on barbed ſteedes, this honor loe,

My

of Paris.

My selfe for guerdon shall on thee bestowe,
And for encouragement, that thou mayst see,
What famous knightes dame *Pallas* warriers be,
Beholde in *Pallas* honour here they come,
Marching alonge with sounde of thundring drom.

510

P A L L A S S H O W.

Hereuppon did enter 9. knights in armour, treading a warlike Almaine, by drome and fife, & then hauing march t foorth againe, Venus speaketh.

Ven. Come sheepeherde, come, sweete sheepeherde looke on me,
Thefe bene to hoat alarams these for thee:
But if thou wilt giue mee the golden ball,
Cupide my boy shall hate to playe withall,
That when so ere this apple he shall see,
The god of loue himselfe shall thinke on the,
And bid thee looke and chuse, and he will wounde,
Whereso thy fancyes obiect shalbe founde,
And lightlie when he shoothes he doth not misse:
And I will giue the many a louelie kyffe,
And come and play with thee on *Ida* here,
And if thou wilt a face that hath no peere,
A gallant girle, a lustie minion trull,
That can giue sporte to thee thy bellyfull,
To rauish all thy beating vaines with ioye,
Here is a lasse of *Venus* court, my boy,

520

Helen entreth with 4. Cupides.

530

Here gentle sheepeherde, heres for thee a peece,
The fayrest face, the flower of gallant *Greece*.

V E N V S S H O W.

Here Helen entreth in her brauerie, with 4. Cupides attending on her, each hauing his fan in his hande to fan fresh ayre in her face. Shee singeth as followeth.

*Si Diana nel cielo è vna stella
Chiara, è lucente piena di splendore
Che porge luc' all' affanato cuore:
Si Diana, nel ferno è vna dea,
Che da conforto all' anime dannate,
Che per amor son morte desperate:*

540

C

Si

The Araygnement

*Si Diana ch' in terra è delle nimphe
Reina, imperatiue di dolce fiori
Tra bosch' e Selue da morte a pastori.
Io son vn Diana dolce e rara
Chle con Le guardi Io posso far guerra
A Dian' infern' in cielo, et in terra. Exit.*

The song being ended Helen departeth, & Paris Speketh.

Par. Most heauenly dames, was never man as I
Poore shepherde swaine, so happy and vnhappy:
The least of these delights, that you deuyse,
Able to wrape and dazzle humaine eyes.
But since my silence may not pardoned bee,
And I appoint which is the fayrest shee,
Pardon, most sacred dames, sythe one not all,
By *Paris* doome must haue this golden ball.
Thy beautye, stately *Juno*, dame deuine,
That lyke to *Phæbus* golden beames doth shine,
Approues it selfe to bee most excellent,
But that fayre face that dothe me most content,
Sythe fayre, faire dames, is neyther shee nor shee,
But shee whome I shall fairest deeme to bee.
That face is hers that hight the Queene of Loue,
whose sweetenes dothe bothe gods and creatours moue.

550

560

He gieth the golden Ball to venus.

And if the fayrest face deserue the ball,
Fayre *Venus*, Ladyes, beares it from yee all.
Ven. And in this ball dothe *Venus* more delight,
Then in her louely boy faire *Cupids* fighte.
Come shepherd comme, sweete *Venus* is thy frend,
No matter how thow other gods offend.

570

Venus taketh paris with her.

Exeunt.

Iun. But he shall rue, and ban the dismal day
wherein his *Venus* bare the ball away:
And heauen and earth iust wittnesses shall bee,
I will reuenge it on his progenye.
Pal. well *Juno*, whether wee bee leyse or lothe,
Venus hathe got the aple from vs bothe.

Exeunt Ambo Act. 580

of Paris.

ACT. III. SCENA. I.

Act III
sc. i

Colin then amored sheepeherd singeth his passion of loue.

The songe.

*O gentle loue, vngentle for thy deede,
Thou makeſt my harte
A bloodie marke
VVith pearcyng ſhot to bleede.
Shoote ſoſte ſweete loue, for feare thou ſhoote amyſſe,
For feare too keene
Thy arrowes beene,
And hit the harte, where my beloved is.
To faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
Shalbe fobleſt
Among the reſt
That loue ſhall ceaze on her by ſimpathye.
Then ſince with loue my prayers beare no boot,
This doth remayne
To ceafe my payne,
I take the wounde, and dye at Venus foote.*

590

Exit Colin.

600

ACT. III. SCENA. II.

Hobinol, Digon, Thenot.

- Hob.* Poore *Colin* wofull man, thy life foreſpoke by loue,
What vncouth fit, what maladie is this, that thou doſt proue.
Dig. Or loue is voide of phisicke cleane, or loues our common wracke,
That giues vs bane to bring vs lowe, and let vs medicine lacke.
Hob. That euer loue had reuerence 'mong fillie ſheepeheed fwaines,
Belike that humor hurtes the moft that moft might be their paines.
The. *Hobin*, it is ſome other god that cheeriſheth her ſheepe,
For ſure this loue doth nothing elſe but make our herdmen weepe. 610
Dig. And what a hap is this I praye, when all our woods reioyce,
For *Colin* thus to be denied his yong and louely choice.
The. She hight in deede ſo fresh and faire that well it is for thee,

C ij

Colin

The Araygnement

- Colin* and kinde hath bene thy friende, that *Cupid* coulde not see.
- Hob.* And whether wendes yon thriuelles swaine, like to the striken deere,
Seekes he *Dictamum* for his wounde within our forrest here. (wonne,
- Dig.* He wendes to greete the Queene of loue, that in these woods doth
With mirthles layes to make complaint to *Venus* of her sonne.
- The.* A *Colin* thou art all deceiued, shée dallyes with the boy,
And winckes at all his wanton prankes, and thinkes thy loue a toy. 620
- Hob.* Then leaue him to his luckles loue, let him abide his fate,
The sore is ranckled all to farre, our comforde comes to late.
- Dig.* Though *Theftilis* the Scorpion be that breakes his sweete assault,
Yet will *Rhamnusia* vengeance take, on her disdainefull fault.
- The.* Lo yonder comes the louely Nymphē, that in these *Ida* vales,
Playes with *Amintas* lustie boie, and coyes him in the dales.
- Hob.* Thenot, me thinks her cheere is chāged, her mirthfull lookes are layd,
She frolicks not: pray god the lad haue not beguide the mayde.

ACT. III. SCENA. III.

Oenone entreth with a wreath of popular on her heade. *Manent Pastores.* 630

- Oen.* Beguilde, disdayned, and out of loue: liue longe thou *Poplar-tree*,
And let thy letters growe in length, to witnes this with mee.
A *Venus*, but for reuerence, vnto thy sacred name,
To steale a sylly maydens loue, I might account it blame.
And if the tales be true I heare, and blushe for to receite,
Thou doft me wrong to leaue the playnes, and dally out of fight.
False *Paris*, this was not thy vow, when thou and I were one,
To raung & chaung old loue for new: but now those dayes be gone.
But I will finde the goddesse out, that shée thy vow may reade,
And fill these woods with my lamentes, for thy vnhappy deede. 640
- Hob.* So faire a face, so foule a thought to harbour in his breast, (rest.
Thy hope consum'd, poore Nymphē, thy hap is worse then all the
- Oen.* A sheepeherdes, you bin full of wiles, & whet your wits on bookeſ,
And wrap poore maydes with pypes and songes, and sweete alluring
- Dig.* Mispeake not al, for his amisse, there bin that keepen flocks, (lookes.
That neuer chose but once, nor yet beguiled loue with mockes.
- Oen.* False *Paris* he is none of thoſe, his trothles doble deede,
Will hurte a many ſheepeherds elfe that might go nigh to ſpeeđe.
- The.* Poore *Colin*, that is ill for thee, that art as true in truſt

of Paris

To thy sweete smerte, as to his Nymphe *Paris* hath bin vniust. 650

Oen. A well is shee hath *Colin* wonne, that nill no other loue:

And woo is me, my lucke is losse, my paynes no pytie mōooue.

Hob. Farewell faire Nymphe, sith he must heale alone that gaue the wound.

There growes no herbe of such effect vpon dame natures ground.

Exeunt Pastores.

Maret Oenone. Mercu. entr. with Vulcans Cyclops.

Mer. Here is a Nymphe that fadlie fittes, and shee belike

Can tell some newes, *Pyracmon*, of the iolly fwaine we seeke.

Dare wage my winges the laffe doth loue, shee lookes so bleak & thin,
And tis for anger or for grieve: but I will talke beginne. mōoue, 660

Oen. Breake out poore harte, & make complaint the mountaine flocks to
What proude repulse & thanckles scorne thou hast receiuied of loue.

Mer. She singeth, fires, be husht awhile.

Oenone singeth as shee fitts.

OE NONES COMPLAINT.

Melpomie, the muse of tragicke songes,
VVith moornefull tunes in stole of dismall hue,
Assit a sillie Nymphe to wayle her woe,
And leaue thy lustie companie behinde.

Thou luckles wreath, becomes not me to weare 670
The Poplar tree for triumphe of my loue.
Then as my ioye my pride of loue is lefte,
Be thou uncloathed of thy louelie greene.

And in thy leaues my fortune written bee,
And them some gentle winde let blowe abroade,
That all the worlde may see how false of loue,
False Paris bath to his Oenone bene.

The songe ended, Oenone sitting still. Mercurie speaketh.

Mer. Good-day fayre mayde, wereie belike with following of your game,
I wish thee cunning at thy will, to spare or strike the same. 680

Oen. I thanke you sir, my game is quick and rids a length of grounde,
And yet I am deceaued or else a had a deadlie wounde.

Mer.

The Araygnement

Mer. Your hand perhaps did swarue awarie. *Oen.* or else it was my harte.

Mer. Then sure a plyed his fotmanship. *Oen.* a played a raunging parte.

Mer. You shold haue giuen a deeper woūd. *Oen.* I could not that for pity.

Mer. You shold haue eyd him better thē. *Oen.* blind loue was not so witty.

Mer. why tell me, sweete, are you in loue. *Oen.* or would I were not so.

Mer. Yee meane because a does ye wrong. *Oen.* perdie the more my woe.

Mer. Why meane ye loue, or him ye loued? *Oen.* wel may I meane thē both.

Mer. Is loue to blame? *Oen.* the queene of loue hath made him false his troth. 690

Mer. Meane ye indeede the queene of loue. *Oen.* euē wanton Cupids dame.

Mer. Why was thy loue so louely then? *Oen.* his beautie hight his shame,
The fairest sheepeherde one our greene. *Mer.* is he a sheepeherd thā.

Oen. And sometime kept a bleating flock. *Mer.* enough, this is the man.

Mer. Where woon he thā? *Oen.* about these woods: far from the Poplar tree.

Mer. What Poplar meane ye? *Oen.* witnes of the vowes betwixt him & me.
And come and wend a little way and you shall see his skill.

Mer. Sirs tarrie you. *Oen.* nay let them goe. *Mer.* nay not vnles you will.

Stay Nymphe, and harke what I say of him thou blamest so,

And credit me, I haue a sad discourse to tell thee ere I go. 700

Know then, my pretie mops, that I hight Mercurie,

The messenger of heauen, and hether flie

To cease vpon the man whon thou doſt loue,

To ſummon him before my father Ioue,

To anſwre matter of great conſequencē,

And Ioue himſelfe will not be longe from hence.

Oen. Sweete Mercurie, and haue poore Oenos cryes,

For Paris fault, ypeirceſt th'unpertiall skyes.

Mer. The ſame is he, that iolly ſheepeherdes fwaine.

Oen. His flocke do graſe vpon Auroraſ plaine,

The colour of his coate is luſtie greene,

That would theſe eyes of mine had neuer ſeene,

His tycing curled hayre, his front of yvorie,

Then had not I poore I bin vnhappye.

Mer. No maruell wench, although we cannot finde him,

When all to late the queene of heauen doth minde him.

But if thou wilt haue physicke for thy ſore,

Minde him who lift, remember thou him no more:

And find ſome other game, and get thee gon,

For here will luſtie futers come anon,

710

720

To

of Paris.

To hoot and lustie for thy dyeing vaine,
Such as were monte to make their futes in vaine.

Exit Merc. cum Cyclop.

Oen. I will goe sit and pyne vnder the *Poplar tree*,
And write my answere to his vow, that euerie eie may see.

Exit.

ACT. III. SCENA V.

*Act III
sc. ii*

Venus, Paris, and a companie of sheepeherdes.

Ven. Sheepeherdes, I am contente, for this sweete sheepeherdes sake,
A straunge reuenge vpon the maide and her disdaine to take.
Let *Colins* corps be brought in place, and burned in the plaine,
And let this be the verfe. *The loue whom Theftilis hath slaine.*
And trust me I will chide my sone for parciallitie,
That gaue the swaine so deepe a wound, and let her scape him by.

730

Past. Alas that euer loue was blinde, to shoote so farre amisse.

Ven. Cupid my sonne was more to blame, the fault not mine, but his.

Pastores exēunt, Manent. Ven. cum Par.

Par. O madam, if your selfe would daine the handling of the bowe,
Albeit it be a taske, your selfe more skill, more iustice knowe.

740

Ven. Sweete sheepeherde, didſt thou euer loue. *Par.* Lady, a little once.

Ven. And art thou changed? *Par.* faire queene of loue I loued not al attōce.

Ven. Well wanton, wert thou wounded so deepe as ſome haue ben,
It were a cunning cure to heale and rufull to be feene.

Par. But tell me, gracious goddeſſe, for a ſtarte and falſe offence,
Hath *Venus* or her ſonne the power, at pleafure to diſpence.

Ven. My boy, I will instruct thee in a peece of poētrie,
That happily erſt thou haſt not heard: in hel there is a tree,
Where once a day doe ſleepe the ſoules of falſe foreſworen louers,
With open hartes, and there aboue in ſwarmes the number houers
Of poore forſaken ghostes, whosē winges from of this tree do beate
Round drops of firie *Phlegiton* to ſcorch falſe hartes with heate.

750

This payne did *Venus* and her ſonne, entreat the prince of hell,
T'impoſe to ſuch as faithles were, to ſuch as loued them well.
And therefore this, my louely boy, faire *Venus* doth aduife thee,
Be true and ſtedfaſt in thy loue, beware thou doe diſguife thee.
For he that makes but loue a iefte, when pleafeth him to ſtarte,

Shall

The Araygnement

Shall feele those firyе wwater drops consume his faithles harte.

Par. Is *Venus* and her sonne so full of iustice and feueretye.

Ven. Pittie it vveare that loue shoulde not be lincked with indifferencie.

Hovve euer louers can exclame for harde succeſſe in loue,

760

Truft me, ſome more then cōmon cauſe that painfull hap dothe moue.

And cupids bowe is not alone his triumphe, but his rod,

Nor is he only but a boy : he hight a mighty god.

And they that do him reuerence, haue reaſon for the ſame;

His shafts keepe heauē and earth in avve, and ſhape reuardes for ſhāe.

Par. And haſte he reaſon to mantayne vwhy Colin died for loue.

Ven. Yea reaſon good I vwarraſt thee, in right it might behoue.

Par. Then be the name of loue adored, his bowe is full of mighte,

His voundes are all but for deſert, his lavyes are all but right:

770

vwell for this once me lyſt apply my ſpeeches to thy ſenſe,

And *Theſtilis* ſhall feele the paine for loues ſuppoſed offence.

The ſhepherds bring in Collins Hearce ſinging.

VVeladai VVeladai: Poore Colin thow arte going to the grounde:

The loue whome Theſtilis bathe ſlaine,

Harde harte, faire face fraughte with diſdaine:

Diſdaine in loue a deadlie wounde.

VVounde her ſwete loue ſo deepe againe,

That ſhee may feele the dyeng paine

Of thiſ unhappy ſhepherdſ ſwaine,

And dye for loue as Colin died. finis Camænæ.

780

Ven. Shepherdes abyde, let Colins corps bee vittnes of the paine

That *Theſtilis* endures in loue, a plague for her dysdaine.

Beholde the organ of our vwarathe, this rusty churle is hee,

She dotes on his yllfaoured face, ſo muche accurst is ſhee.

She ſingeth an old ſonge called the woing of Colman.

*A foule crooked Churle enters, & Theſtilis a faire laſſe wooeth him.
be crabbedly refuzeth her, and goethe out of place. She tarieth behinde.*

Par. A poore vnhappy *Theſtilis*, vnpitied is thy paine.

Ven. Her fortune not vnylike to his vwhome cruell thow haſt ſlaine.

Theſtilis ſingeth, & the ſhepherds replie.

790

The

of Paris.

The *The straunge effects of my tormented harte,*
onge. *VVhome cruell loue bathe wofull prisoner caughte,*
VVhome cruel hate hathe into bondage broughte,
VVhome wit no way of safe escape hath taughte,
Enforce me say in wittnes of my smarte,
There is no paine to foule disdaine in hardy futes of loue.

Shep. *There is no paine &c.*

Theft. *Cruell, farewell. Shep Cruell, farewell.*

Theft. *Moste cruell thou, of all that nature framed.*

Shep. *Moste creull &c.*

800

Theft. *To kill thy loue with thy disdaine.*

Shep. *To kill thy loue with thy disdaine.*

Theft. *Cruell disdaine soe liue thou named.*

Shep. *Cruell disdaine &c.*

Theft. *And let me dye of Iphis paine.*

Shep. *A life to good for thy disdaine.*

Theft. *Sithe this my stars to me allot,*

And thou thy loue hast all forgot. Exit Theft.

Shep. *And thou &c.*

The Shepherds carie out Colin.
The grace of this song is in the Shepherds Ecco to her verse.

810

Ven. Now shepherds, bury Collins corps, perfume his herce with flowers,
And write what iustice *Venus* did amid these woods of yours.

How now, how cheeres my Louely boy, after this dump of loue.

Par. Such dumpes, sweete Lady, as bin these are deadly dumpes to proue.

Ven. Cease shepherde, these are other nues, after this melancholye. (*curie*
My minde presumes some tempest toward vpon the speache of *Mer-*

*ACT. III. SCENA. VI. Mercurye with Vulcans
Cyclops enter. Manentibus Ven. cum Par.*

Mer. Faire lady *Venus*, let me pardoned bee

That haue of longe bin wellbeloued of thee,

820

D.j.

yf

The Araygnement

Yf as my office bids, my selfe first brings
To my sweete Madame these vnwellcome tydings.

Ven. What nues, what tydings? gentle *Mercurie*,
In midest of my delites to troble me.

Mer. At *Junoes* sute, *Pallas* affesting her,
Sythe bothe did ioyne in sute to *Jupiter*,
Action is entred in the court of heauen,
And me, the swyftest of the *Planets* feauen,
With warant they haue thence despacht away,
To apprehende and finde the man, they say,
That gaue from them that selfesame ball of golde,
Which I presume I do in place betholde,
Which man, vnles my markes bee taken wyde,
Is hee that sytts so neere thy gracious syde.
This beinge so, it restes he go from hence,
Before the gods to answere his offence.

830

Ven. What tale is this, dothe *Juno* and her mate
Pursue this shepherde with such deadly hate.

840

As what was then our generall agreement,
To stande vnto they nil be nowe content.
Let *Juno* iet, and *Pallas* play her parte,
What heere I haue, I woonne it by deserfe:
And heauen and earthe shall bothe confounded bee,
Ere wronge in this be donne to him or me.

Mer. This little fruite, yf *Mercury* can spell,
Will fende I feare a world of soules to hell.

Ven. What meane these *Ciclops*, *Mercurie*, is vulcan waxt so fine,
To fende his *Chimny-sweepers* forth, to fetter any freinde of mine.
Abashe not shepherd at the thinge, my selfe thy baile wilbe,
He shalbe present at the courte of *Ioue*, I warrant thee.

850

Mer. *Venus*, gyue me your pledge. *Venus*. my *Ceystone*, or my fan, or bothe.

Mer. Nay this shall serue: your worde to mee as sure as is your othe,
taketh At *Dianas* bowre: and Lady, yf my witt or pollicie

her fa. May profit him for *Venus* sake, let him make bolde with *Mercury*.

Ven. Sweete Paris, whereon doest thou muse?

(Exit

P r The angrye heauens for this fatall iar,
Name me the instrument of dire and deadly war.

Explicit. Actus Tertius. Exeunt Venus & Paris.

Vulcan

of Paris.

ACT. IIII. SCENA I.

Act IV
sc. i

Vulcan following one of Dianas Nymphes.

- Vul.* Why nymph, what need ye run so fast? what though but black I be 862
I haue more preetie knackes to please, then euerie eye doth see.
And though I goe not so vpright, and though I am a smythe,
To make me gratioues you may haue some other thinge therewith.

ACT. IIII. SCENA II.

Bacchus, Vulcan, Nymph.

- Bac.* Yee *Vulcane*, will yee so in deede: nay turne and tell him, trull,
He hath a mystresse of his owne to take his belly full.
Vulc. Why sir, if *Phæbes* dainty nymphes please lustie *Vulcans* tooth, 870
Why may not *Vulcan* treade awry, aswell as *Venus* dooth?
Nym. Ye shall not taynt your trothe for me: you wot it verie well,
All that be *Dians* maides are vowed to halter apples in hell.
Bac. Ifaith Ifaith, my gentle mops, but I do know a caſt,
Leade apes who liſt, that we would helpe t'unhaltar them as fast.
Nym. Fy fy, your ſkill is wondrouſ great, had thought the god of wine,
Had tended but his tubbes and grapes, and not ben haulfe ſo fine.
Vul. Gramercie for that quirke, my girle. *Bac.* Thats one of dainties frūpes.
Nym. I pray fir take't with all amiffe, our cunning comes by lumpes.
Vul. Sh'ath capt his aunſwere in the Q. *Nym.* how fayes, a, has ſhee ſo? 880
Afwel as ſhee that kapt your head to keepe you warme below.
Vul. Yea then you will be curſt I fee. *Bac.* beſt let her euuen alone.
Nym. Yea gentle gods, and finde ſome other ſtringe to harpe vpon.
Bac. Some other ſtring, agreed I fayth, ſome other preetie thing,
Twere shame fayre maydes ſhould idle be, how fay you, wil ye ſing.
Nym. Some roundes or merry roundy laies, we ſing no other ſonges,
Your melancholick noates not to our countrie myrth belongs.
Vul. Here comes a crue will helpe vs trimme.

ACTVS IIII SCE NA III.

Mercurie with the Cyclops.

890

- Mer.* Yea now our taske is done. gone.
Bac. Then merry Mercurie more then time, this rounde were well be-
They ſing Hey Downe, downe, downe, &c.
D ij The

The Araygnement

*The songe done, she windeth a horne in Vulcans eare & rymeth out.
Manent. Vulc. Bac. Mer. Cyclops.*

Vul. A harletrie I warrant her. *Bac.* a peeuiish eluish shroe.

Mer. Haue seene as farre to come as neare, for all her raunging so.
But, *Bacchus*, time well spent I wot, our sacred father *Ioue*,
With *Phaebus* and the god of warre are met in *Dians* groue.

Vul. Then we are here before them yet, but stay the earth doth fwell,
God *Neptune* to, (this hap is good) doth meeete the prince of hell. 900

Pluto ascēdeth from below in his chaire. Neptune entreth at an other way.

Plut. What iarres are these, that call the gods of heauen and hell beloe.

Nep. It is a worke of wit and toyle to rule a lustie shroe.

ACT. IIII. SCENA. IIII.

Enter Iupiter, Saturne, Apollo, Mars, Pluto, Neptune, Bacchus, Vulcan, Mer. Iuno, Pallas, Diana, Cyclops.

Iupiter speaketh.

Iup. Bring forth the man of *Troie* that he may heare,
Whereof he is to be arraigned here. 910

Nep. Lo where a comes prepared to pleade his case,
vnder conduct of louely *Venus* grace.

Mer. I haue not seene a more alluring boy.

Apol. So beautie hight the wracke of *Priams Troy*.

The gods being set in Dianaes bower : Iuno, Pallas, Diana, Venus and Paris stand on sides before them.

Ven. Loe sacred *Ioue*, at *Iunoes*As erst I gaue my pledge to *Mercurie*,
I bring the man whom he did late attaint,
To aunswere his inditement orderlie : 920
And craue this grace of this immortall senate,
That yee allowe the man his aduocate.

Pal. That may not be, the lawes of heauen denie,
A man to pleade or answere by attorney.

Ven. *Pallas*, thy doome is all too peremptorie.

Apol. *Venus*, that fauour is denied him flatlie,
He is a man and therefore by our lawes,

Him-

Of Paris.

Him selfe, without his ayd, must plead his cause.

Ven. Then bashe not, sheepeherde, in so good a case,
And friendes thou haft as well as foes in place.

930

Jun. Why, *Mercurie*, why doe yee not indite him.

Ven. Softe gentle, *Juno*, I pray you do not bite him.

Jun. Nay, gods, I troe you are like to haue great silence,
Vnles this parrot be commaunded hence.

Iou. • *Venus*, forbeare, be still: speake, *Mercurie*.

Ven. If *Juno* iangle, *Venus* will replie.

Mer. *Paris*, king *Priams* sonne, thou art araygned of parciallitie,
Of sentence partiall and vniust, for that without indifferencie,
Beyonde desert or merit far, as thine accusers fay,
From them, to Lady *Venus* here, thou gauest the prye away.

940

What is thine answere?

Paris oration to the Councell of the gods.

Sacred and iust, thou great and dreadfull *Ioue*,
And you thrise reuerende powers, whom loue nor hate,
May wrest awry, if this to me a man,
This fortune fatall bee, that I must pleade,
For safe excusall of my giltles thought,
The honour more makes my mishap the leſſe,
That I a man must pleade before the gods,
Gratiuous forbearers of the worldes amisse,
For her, whose beautie how it hath enticet,
This heauenly senate may with me auer.
But sith nor that, nor this may doe me boote,
And for my selfe, my selfe must speaker bee,
A mortall man, amidst this heauenlie presence:
Let me not shape a longe defence, to them,
That ben beholders of my giltles thoughtes.
Then for the deede, that I may not denie,
Wherein consists the full of myne offence,
I did vpon commaunde: if then I erde,
I did no more then to a man belong'd.
And if in verdict of their formes deuine,
My dazled eye did swarue or surfet more

950

960

The Arayngment

On *Venus* face, then anie face of theirs:
It was no partiall fault, but fault of his
Belike, whose eyght not so perfect was,
As might decerne the brightnes of the rest.
And if it were permitted vnto men
(Ye gods) to parle with your secreit thoughtes,
There ben that sit vpon that sacred seate,
That woulde with *Paris* erre in *Venus* prayse.
But let me cease to speake of errour here:
Sith what my hande, the organ of my harte,
Did giue with good agreement of myne eye,
My tongue is voyde with processe to maintaine.

970

Plut. A iolly sheepeherde, wife and eloquent.

Par. First then arraign'de of parciallitie.

Paris replyes vnguiltie of the fact:
His reason is, because he knewe no more
Faire *Venus Ceston*, then dame *Junoes* mace,
Nor neuer sawe wise *Pallas* cristall shielde.
Then as I looked I loued and likte attonce,
And as it was referd from them to me,
To giue the prye to her, whose beautie best
My fancie did commend, so did I prayse
And iudge as might my dazled eye decerne.

980

Nep. A peice of art, that, cunninglie pardie,
Refers the blame to weakenes of his eye.

Par. Now (for I must adde reason for my deede)
Why *Venus* rather pleased me of the three:
First, in the intrayles of my mortall eares,
The question stading vpon beauties blaze,
The name of her that height the queene of loue,
My thought in beautie shold not be exceld.
Had it bene destyned to maiestie,
(Yet will I not rob *Venus* of her grace,)
Then stately *Juno* might haue borne the ball.
Had it to wisedome bine entituled,
My humaine wit had giuen it *Pallas* then.
But sith vnto the fayrefest of the three,
That power, that threw it for my farther ill,

990

1000

Did

of Paris.

Did dedicate this ball: and safest durst
My sheepeherdes skill aduenture, as I thought,
To iudge of forme and beautie, rather then
Of *Iunos* state, or *Pallas* worthynes,
That learnd to ken the fayrest of the flocke,
And praysed beautie but by natures ayme:
Behold to *Venus Paris* gaue this fruite,
A dayesman chosen there by full consent,
And heauenly powers should not repent their deedes.
Where it is fayde, beyonde desert of hers,
I honoured *Venus* with this golden prize:
(Yee gods) alas what can a mortall man
Decerne, betwixt the sacred guiftes of heauen.
Or, if I may with reuerence reason thus:
Suppose I gaue, and iudgd corruptly then,
For hope of that, that best did please my thought,
This apple not for beauties prayse alone:
I might offende, sithe I was pardoned,
And tempted, more then euer creature was,
With wealth, with beautie and with chialtrie:
And so preferred beautie before them all,
The thing that hath enchaunted heauen it selfe.
And for the one, contentment is my wealth:
A shell of falte will serue a sheepeherde fwayne,
A flender banquet in a homely skrip,
And water running from the siluer spring.
For armes, they dreade no foes that fit so lowe,
A thorne can keepe the wind from off my backe,
A sheepe-coate thatcht, a sheepeherdes pallace hight.
Of tragicke Muses sheepeherdes con no skill,
Enough is them, if *Cupid* ben displeased,
To sing his prayse on flender oten pipe.
And thus, thryse reuerend, haue I tolde my tale,
And craue the torment of my guiltles soule
To be measured by my faultles thought.
If warlicke *Pallas*, or the queene of heauen
Sue to reuerse my sentence by appeale,
Be it as please your maiesties deuine,

1010

1020

1030

The

The Araygnment

1040

The wronge, the hurte not mine, if anie be,
But hers whose beautie claymed the prize of me.

• *Paris hauing ended, Iupiter speakeeb.*

Iup. *Venus*, withdrawe your sheepeherde for a space,
Till he againe be called for into place.

Exeunt Venus & Paris.

Juno, what will ye after this reply
But doome with sentence of indifferencie.
And if you will but iustice in the cause,
The man must quited be by heauenis lawes.

Iun. Yea gentle *Joue*, when *Junoes* futes are mooued,
Then heauen may see how well shee is beloued.

1050

Apol. But, Madam, fits it maiestie deuine,
In anie sorte from iustice to decline?

Pal. Whether the man be guiltie yea or noe,
That doth not hinder our appeale, I troe?

Iun. *Phæbus*, I wot, amid this heauenly crue,
There be that haue to say as well as you

Apol. And *Juno*, I with them, and they with me,
In lawe and right, must needfully agree:

Pal. I graunt ye may agree, but be content
To doubt vpon regarde of your agreement.

Plu. And if yee markt, the man in his defence.
Saide thereof as a might with reuerence.

Vul. And did yee verie well I promise yee.

Iun. No doubt, sir, you could note it cunninglie.

Sat. Well, *Juno*, if ye will appeale yee may,
But first dispatch the sheepeherde hence away.

Mar. Then *Vulcans* dame is like to haue the wronge.

Iun. And that in pafision doth to *Mars* belonge.

Iup. Call *Venus* and the sheepeherde in againe.

Bac. And rid the man that he may knowe his payne.

Apol. His payne, his payne, his neuer dying payne,
A caufe to make a many moe complaine.

Mercurie bringeth in Venus and Paris.

Iup. Sheepeherd, thou haft ben harde with equitie and law,
And for thy stars do thee to other calling drawe,
We here dismisse thee hence, by order of our senate:

1060

1070

Go

of Paris.

Goe take thy way to *Troie*, and there abide thy fate.

Ven. Sweete shepherde, with such luck in loue while thou dost liue,
As may the Queene of Loue to any Louer giue.

1080

Par. My lucke is losse howe ere my loue do spedee,
I feare me *Paris* shall but rue his deede.

Paris exit.

Apo. From Ida woods now wends the shepherds boye,
That in his bosome caries fire to Troy.

Jup. *Kenus*, these Ladies do appeale yow see,
And that they may appeale the gods agree,
It resteth then that yow be well content
To stande in this vnto our finall indgmet:
And if king *Priams* sonne did well in this,
The Lawe of heauen will not leade amyffe.

1090

Ven. But, sacred *Jupiter*, might thy daughter chuse,
Shee might with reason this appeale refuse:
Yet, if they bee vnmoued in their shames,
Bee it a staine and blemyssh to their names:
A deede to far vnworthy of the place,
Vnworthy *Pallas* Launce, or *Iunoes* mace:
And, if to beauty it bequeathed be,
I doubt not but it will returne to me.

*She layeth Down
the ball.*

Pall. *Venus*, there is no more adoe then soe,
It restethe where the gods doe it bestowe.

1100

Nep. But, Ladies, vnder fauour of your rage,
How ere it be, yow play vppon the vaantage.

Jup. Then dames, that wee more freely may debate,
And heere th'indifferent sentence of this senate,
Withdrawe yow from this presence for a space,
Till wee haue throughly questioned of the cace:
Dian shalbe your guyde, nor shall yow neede
Your felues t'enquire how things do heere succeede,
Wee will, as wee resolute giue yow to knowe,
By generall doome, how euery thinge doth goe.

1110

Dia. Thy will, my wilsh, faire Ladies, will yee wende?
Iuno Befshorewe her whome this sentence doth offende.

Ven. Now *Ioue* be iust, and gods you that bee *Venus* freindes,
Yf yow haue ever donne her wronge, then may yow make amends.

Manent Dij. Exeunt Diana, Pallas, Iuno, Venus.

E

Venus

The Araygnement

Jup. *Venus* is faire, *Pallas* and *Juno* toe.

Vulc. But tell me now without some more adoe,
Who is the fairest shee, and do not flatter.

Plu. *Vulcan*, vppon comparisoun hanges all the matter:
That donne the quarrell and the stryfe were ended.

1120

Mar. Because tis knowne, the quarrell is pretended.

Vul. Mars, you haue reason for your speeche perdie:
My dame (I troe) is fairest in your eye.

Mar. Or (*Vulcan*) I shold do her doble wronge.

Sat. About a toy wee tary heere so longe.
Gyue it by voices, voices giue the odds:
A trifle so to to troble all the gods.

Nep. Beleue me, *Saturne*, be it so for me.

Bac. For me. *Pluto*. for me *Mars*. for me, yf *Ioue* agre.

Mer. And gentle gods, I am indifferent:
But then I knowe whoose lykely to be shent.

1130

Ap. Thryse reuerend gods, and thou immortall *Ioue*.
Yf *Phæbus* may, as him doth much behoue,
Be licensed, accordinge to our Lawes,
To speake vprightly in this doubted cause,
(Sythe womens witts worke mens vnceasinge woes)
To make them freindes, that now bin frendles foes,
And peace to keepe with them, with vs, and all
That make their title to this golden ball:

1140

(Nor thincke yee gods my speeche doth derogate
From sacred powre of this immortall senate,)

Refer this sentence where it doth belonge,

In this say I fayre *Phæbe* hathe the wronge.

Not that (I meane) her beautye beares the prize:

But that the holly Lawe of heauen denies,

One god to medle in an others powre.

And this befell so neere *Dianas* bowre,

As for thappeazinge this vnpleasant grudge,

(In my conceyte) shee hight the fitteſt iudge.

Yf *Ioue* comptroll not *Plutoes* hell with charmes,

Yf *Mars* haue souraigne powre to manage armes:

Yf *Bacchus* beare no rule in *Neptune* sea

Nor *Vulcans* fire dothe *Saturnes* fythe obey:

1150

Sup-

of Paris.

Suppreſſe not then, 'gainſt lawe and equitie,
Dianas power in her owne territorie:

Whofe regiment, amid her ſacred bowers,
As proper height as anie rule of yours.

Well may we ſo wipe all the ſpeeche awaie,
That *Pallas*, *Iuno*, *Venus* hath to fay,

And aynſweref that by iuſtice of our lawes,
We were not ſuffered to conclude the caufe.

And this to me moft egall doome appeares,
A woman to be iudge amouge her pheeres.

1160

Mer. *Apollo* hath founde out the onely meane,
To rid the blame from vs and trouble cleane.

Vul. We are beholding to his ſacred wit.

Iup. I can command and well allow of it.
And ſo deriue the matter from vs all,
That *Dian* haue the giuing of the ball.

Vul. So *Ioue* may clearly excufe him in the caſe,
Where *Iuno* elſe woulde chide and braule apace.

1170

All they riſe and goe foorth.

Mer. And now, it were ſome cuſſing to deuine,
To whom *Diana* will this prye refigne.

Vul. Suffizeth me, it ſhall be none of mine.

Bac. *Vulcan*, though thou be blacke, thart nothing fine.

Vul. Goe bathe thee, *Bacchus*, in a tub of wine,
The balls as likely to be mine as thine.

Exeunt omnes: explicit. Act. 4.

ACT. V. & ultimi, SCE NA I.

Diana, Pallas, Iuno, Venus.

*Act. V
sc. i*

Dian. Lo, Ladys, farre beyonde my hope and will, you ſee,
This thankles office is impoſd to me:

Wherein if you will reſt aſwell content,
As *Dian* wilbe iudge indifferent,

My egall doome ſhall none of you offendē,
And of this quarrell make a finall ende:

And therefore, whether you be liefē of loath,
Confirme your promife with ſome ſacred othe.

1182

Pal. *Phœbe*, chiefe Miftrefſe of this filuan chace,

1190

E ij

The Araygnment

Whom gods haue chosen to conclude the case,
That yet in ballance vndecyded lies.
Touching bestowing of this golden prize.
I gue my promise and mine othe withall,
By *Stix*, by heauens power imperiall,
By all that longes to *Pallas* deytie,
Her shilde, her launce, ensignes of chiuallrie,
Her sacred wreath of *Oline*, and of *Baye*,
Her crested helme, and else what *Pallas* may,
That where so ere this ball of purest golde,
That chast *Diana* here in hande doth holde,
Vnpartially her wisedome shall bestowe,
Without mislike or quarrell any moe,
Pallas shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abide.

1200

Jun. And here I promise and protest withall,
By *Stix*, by heauens power imperiall,
By all that longes to *Iunoes* deitie,
Her crowne, her mace, ensignes of maiestie:
Her spotles mariage-rites, her league diuine,
And by that holy name of *Proserpine*,
That wherefoere, this ball of purest golde,
That chast *Diana* here in hande doth holde,
Vnpartially her wisedome shall bestowe,
Without mislike or quarrell anie moe,
Iuno shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abyde.

1210

Ven. And louely *Phæbe*, for I knowe thy dome
Wilbe no other then shall thee become,
Beholde I take thy daintie hande to kisse,
And with my solemne othe confirme my promise,
By *Stix*, by *Joues* immortall emperie,
By *Cupids* bowe, by *Venus* mirtle-tree,
By *Vulcans* gifte, my *Ceston*, and my fan,
By this red rose, whose colour first began,
When erft my wanton boy (the more his blame)
Did drawe his bowe awry and hurt his dame,
By all the honour and the sacrifice,

1220

That

Of Paris.

That from *Citheron* and from *Paphos* rise:
The conclu^g That wherefoere, &c. { *ut supra*.
sion above. } Venus shall rest, &c.

1237

Diana hauing taken their othes speaketh.

Diana describeth the Nymph *Eliza* a figure of the Queene.

Dian. It is enough, and goddesses attende:

There wons within these pleasaunt shady woods,
• Where neither storne nor Suns distemperature
Haue power to hurte by cruell heate or colde,
Vnder the clymate of the milder heauen,
Where seldome lights *Ioues* angrie thunderbolt,
For fauour of that fouveraygne earthly peere:

Where whyftling windes make musick 'mong the trees,
Far from disturbance of our countrie gods,

Amids the *Cypres* springes a gratious Nymph,

That honour *Dian* for her chastitie,

And likes the labours well of *Phæbes* groues:

The place *Elizium* hight, and of the place,

Her name that gouernes there *Eliza* is,

A kingdome that may well compare with mine.

An auncient seat of kinges, a seconde *Troie*,

Ycompast rounde with a commodious sea:

Her people are ycleped *Angeli*,

Or if I misse a lettred is the most.

She giueth lawes of iustice and of peace,

And on her heade as fits her fortune best,

She weares a wreath of laurell, golde, and palme:

Her robes of purple and of scarlet die,

Her vayle of white, as best befits a mayde.

Her auncestors liue in the house of fame,

Shee giueth armes of happie victorie,

And flowers to decke her lyons crowned with golde.

This peereles nymph whom heauen and earth beloues,

This *Paragon*, this onely this is shee,

In whom do meete so manie giftes in one,

On whom our countrie gods so often gaze,

In honour of whose name the Muses singe.

In state Queene *Iunos* peere, for power in armes,

1240

1250

1260

The Araygnement

And vertues of the minde *Mineruaes* mate:

As fayre and louely as the queene of loue:

As chast as *Dian* in her chaste desires.

The same is shee, if *Phæbe* doe no wronge,

To whom this ball in merit doth belongeth.

1270

Pal. If this be shee whom some *Zabeta* call,
To whom thy wisedome well bequeathes the ball
I can remember at her day of birthe,
Howe *Flora* with her flowers strewed the *Earth*,
How euerie power with heauenlie maiestie,
In person honored that solemnitie.

Iun. The louely graces were not farre away,
They threw their balme for triumph of the day.

1280

Ven. The fates against their kinde beganne a cheerefull songe,
And vowed her life with fauour to prolonge.
Then first gan *Cupids* eyfights wexen dim,
Belike *Elijahs* beautie blinded him.
To this fayre Nymph, not earthly but deuine:
Contents it me my honour to resigne.

Pal. To this fayre Queene so beautifull and wise,
Pallas bequeathes her title in the prize.

Iun. To her whom *Iunoes* lookes so well become,
The queene of heauen yeildes at *Phæbus* doome.
And glad I am *Diana* found the arte,
Without offence so well to please desart.

1290

Dian. Then marke my tale the vfull time is nie,
When wont the dames of life and destinie,
In robes of cheerfull collours to repayre,
To this renowned Queene so wise and fayre,
With pleasaunt songes this peereles nimphe to greete,
Clotho layes downe her distaffe at her feete.
And *Lachesis* doth pull the threed at length,
The thirde with fauour giues it stiffe and strength
And for contrarie kinde affordes her leaue,
As her best likes her web of life to weaue
This time we will attend, and in the meane while
With some sweete songe the tediousnes beguile.

1300

of Paris.

The Musicke sounde and the Nymphes within singe or solfa
with voyces and instrumentes awhile. Then enter *Clotho*,
Lachesis and *Atropos* singing as followeth: The state be-
ing in place.

The songe.

Cloth. *Humanæ vite filum sic voluere Parcae.*

Lach. *Humanæ vite filum sic tendere Parcae.*

1310

Atrop. *Humanæ vite filum sic scindere Parcae.*

Cloth. *Clotho colum baiulat.* Lach. *Lachesis trahit.* Atr. *Atropos occat.*

Tres simul. *Viue diu fælix votis hominūmque deūmque:*

Corpoore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.

They lay downe their properties at the Queenes feete.

Cloth. *Clotbo colum pedibus.*

Lach. *Lachesis tibi pendula fila.*

Atr. *Et fatale tuis manibus ferrum Atropos offert.*

Viue diu fælix, &c.

The song being ended Clotho speakes to the Queene.

1320

Cloth. Gracious and wise, fayre Queene of rare renowne,
Whom heauen and earth beloues amyd thy trayne,
Noble and louely peeres: to honour thee
And doe thee fauour, more then may belong,
By natures lawe to any earthly wight,
Beholde continuance of our yearlye due,
Th'unpartiall dames of destenie we meete,
As haue the gods and we agreed in one,
In reuerence of *Elizas* noble name,
And humblie loe her distaffe *Clotho* yeeldes.

1330

Lach. Her spindle *Lachesis* and her fatall reele,
Layes downe in reuerence at *Elizaas* feete.

*Te tamen in terris unam tria numina Diuam
Inuita statuant naturæ lege sorores,
Et tibi non alijs didicerunt parcere Parcae.*

Atro. Dame *Atrops* according as her pheeres
To thee fayre Queene resignes her fatall knife:

Liue

The Araygnement

Liue longe the noble *Phœnix* of our age,
Our fayre *Eliza* our *Zabeta* fayre.

Dian. And loe beside this rare solemnitie,
And sacrifice these dames are wont to doe,
A fauour far in deed contrarie kinde,
Bequeathed is vnto thy worthynes,
Shee deliuereſt the ball of golde to the Queenes owne hands.
This prize from heauen and heauenly goddesſes,
Accept it then, thy due by *Dians* dome,
Praife of the wisedome, beautie and the ſtate,
That beſt becomes thy peereles excellencie.

1340

Ven. So fayre *Eliza*, *Venus* doth refigne,
The honour of this honour to be thine.

1350

Jun. So is the queene of heauen content likewife,
To yelde to thee her title in the prize.

Pal. So *Pallas* yeeldes the prayſe hereof to thee,
For wisedome, princely ſtate, and peereleſſe beautie.

EPILOGVS.

Omnes simul. { *Viue diu faelix votis hominumque Deumque.*
Corpoſe, mente, libro, doctiſſima, candida, caſta.

Excut̄ omnes.



